

Cantatonia, Blow The Millennium, Blow 1

Your imagination runs wild
Sitting on the bench you call your home these days
Better take care you don't ask for help
But someday you might need it

And all the while the leaves turn brown
Fall off the trees and are blown around your feet
There's no good pushing them away
They'll always come back, just like the fears in your head

Life - ain't what like it used to be
Life - ain't what like it used to be

So sit on your hands rattling your tongue
With a shaking head and sit back on your chair

It's all good wishing it away
But moving them on might come back to haunt you

And all the while the leaves turn brown
Fall off the trees and are blown around your feet
There's no good pushing them away
They'll always come back, come right back to haunt you

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